Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, October 18, 1940. | 77th Year.

SANDY'S GHOST

By J. C. Killam

For the Messenger

There came a shout from below. *"Look!* It's Sandy's Ghost!"

BILL dumped an armful of driftwood in the middle of the living room floor.

"Ghost protection, Howard," he said, grinning at me. "There's a fog coming in, thick."

I grinned back at him over my book. I used to be afraid of the fog when I was a kid.

A snort from the table where Rod was reading froze the smiles on our faces. We both looked sourly in his direction, and then exchanged glances of exasperation. But we didn't say anything. After all, Rod was our guest, even if he was self-invited and more unwelcome each succeeding day. But I could see by the way Bill set his jaw that his temper was near the breaking point. He stacked the wood by the fireplace altogether too carefully, for him.

I yawned and threw my book at him.

"A good night to make candy and play checkers," I began, and then remembered Rod again. Checkers is a game for two. "We can take turns playing," I finished, lamely.

"Don't mind me," said Rod, with a nasty laugh. "I can always go out and play leap-frog with some of your ghosts."

Bill glared at him, and I could see that the evening was off to a bad start.

Ever since I can remember, Bill and I have spent most of our summer vacation at Carter's Harbor. To the casual visitor, I suppose Carter's Harbor appears much the same as any other of the picturesque little fishing villages that dot the shores of Nova Scotia's Fundy coast, but to me, and to Bill, it has always seemed the most beautiful and the most romantic spot on earth. Bill's father owns the disreputable old house which we regard as our own private property. Except for old Captain Borden, whom I suspect our parents used to bribe to keep an eye on us, we went there unchaperoned before we were in our 'teens.

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WHAT fun it used to be, on a wild night, when the waves came crashing in on the shore and the wind roared and shrieked around the old house, to snuggle together on our straw mattress and whisper of the ghosts that walked abroad! We knew all the superstitions of the fisher-folk about the place, for there was nothing we liked better on a sunny day, than to wander down to the breakwater and lounge around, listening to the men swap yarns. Many and many were the tales they told, of storms and shipwreck, of violence and death, of the good old days when the now almost empty Bay was alive with the white sails of schooners, and of the bad old days, long, long before, when English privateers hid in the Harbor and sneaked down over the mountain in the dead of night to raid the French villages. There was even a story of buried treasure, hidden by one of those daring captains, and many a long hour Bill and I spent, and many a blister we

raised, hunting for it in every conceivable spot.

But last summer Roderick Chase intruded himself upon us. His dad is Bill's father's boss, so when Mrs. Chase told Bill's mother that she thought it would "be nice for little Roddy to have a few weeks at the shore with the boys," there was nothing for it but to take him along. He goes to a boarding school in Ontario, so we didn't know him very well, but what we did know of him we didn't like.

* * *

AND it turned out that our worst fears were realized. Our ideas of a good time were not Rod's. We had always thought it fun to do our own housework, but his unwillingness to help made it seem a drudgery. We had loved to go for long hikes along the shore or across the wooded hills, but he made us conscious only of their aimlessness. We had liked to go putt-putting around the Bay in one of the old motor-boats, but with Rod along we could think only of the fact that the boat leaked, and smelled overpoweringly of dead fish. Worst of all he laughed and poked fun at all our little rites and customs and beliefs that we had cherished from childhood.

Well, that night we toasted dulce, and read, and played a couple of half-hearted games of checkers—first Rod and Bill played, and then Rod and I. Rod won both times, and we felt he was unbearably smug about it. Finally we settled down to a gloomy sort of conversation, with the groaning of the fog-horn making suitable sound effects.

"What makes you fellows talk all that rot about ghosts, every time there's a fog?" asked Rod, patronizingly.

"It's a bit silly," I said, "But there's a real reason. Not so many years ago Carter's was the most thriving village on the coast. That was when great schools of shad used to run in the harbro. They used to make fabulous catches in those good years, but they were mighty selfish about letting any outsiders fish on their grounds. There was a fellow across the Bay who used to come over, time and again, in spite of threats and warning, and take in big catches. Jealousy and anger burned in the hearts of the Harbor men, until, finally, one foggy night when the tide was full, a dark threat was carried out and an empty dory drifted out to sea. The murderer never was caught, but believe it or not, Rod, from that day to this, not a single shad has ever been caught in Carter's Harbor."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Rod, laughing. "Don't tell me you're superstitutious enough to believe that!"

BEFORE I could answer, Bill jumped to his feet.

"Somebody's got to go for the milk," he said. "How about you, Rod? You haven't been out of the house today."

Rod ran his fingers through his carefully waved hair.

"Oh, why not in the morning?" he demurred.

"We're going line fishing in the morning," Bill said evenly. Then his black eyes snapped. "But perhaps you're afraid of old Sandy's ghost?" he enquired, solicitously.

"Ghost?" mocked Rod, sliding from the couch. "You and your ghosts! Child chatter! Where's the can?"

"On the kitchen table," returned Bill. "Brave boy! You're the only one in Carter's Harbor who doesn't believe that old Sandy's wraith walks abroad in a fog. Of course, if you should see a ball of fire dancing overhead, you'd better cross your fingers."

"Now why should he dance around in a ball of fire? I should expect he would appear dripping with seaweed and lobsters," said Rod. "Well so long, children. If you hear loud shrieks and the patter of running footsteps, you'd best open the door and grab a bucket of water. It will be me in a dead panic, being chased by a ball of fire. Adieu, mes enfants," and with that he was gone into the night.

* * *

His departure was followed by an oppressive silence. Then Bill said,

"YOU know, Howard, Rod has possibilities. He might turn into quite a lad if he had some of that superiority complex knocked out of him. He's good natured and generous, and all that, and I don't think he means to be such a spoil sport."

"Maybe a good scare would do him a lot of good," I said. "We could prowl along the top of the cliff and make ghost noises for him on the way back."

Bill laughed.

"What long teeth you have, grandma! Anyway, my vicious friend, Rod's not that dumb. He'd smell a mouse in a minute. He hasn't a bit of imagination. I bet if a bull moose charged him, he'd wait to pinch it to make sure it was real before he'd climb a tree."

I crossed the room and opened the door.

"The fog's thinning out a bit. Let's go out and get a breath of fresh air before Rod gets back. He'll probably stop to explain the universe to Captain Borden before he comes home."

"O.K.," agreed Bill. "But Rod has the flashlight. We'd better take the old lantern. It isn't safe to go prowling along the cliff when you can't see your hand in front of your face."

Whenever we went for a brief stroll in the evening, just before bed, we always took what we called "the Cave walk." A path led along the edge of the cliff to just above the Pirate's Cave. Here there were natural stone steps down the face of the bluff to the beach, so we would descend and return along the shore, unless the tide was high.

* * *

IT was very dark, and, in spite of the fact that we knew the way well enough to have followed it blindfold, we were glad enough to have the lantern. The uncanny stillness that usually accompanies a fog seemed to magnify the insect noises of the night, and the steady lap, lap of the waves on the rocky beach below.

Suddenly without warning, Bill stopped so abruptly that I knocked into him and we both fell headlong. I struck my head against a tree so hard I must have been dazed for a moment, because the next thing I knew I felt Bill's hand over my mouth and his "Sh-sh-h-h" in my ear. The lantern was out.

I listened, but all I could hear was the thumping of my own heart.

"What——" I began, and then a man's voice, so near that my heart seemed to leap into my mouth, said,

"What in thunder was that?"

There was a dead silence for what seemed an age. Then—

"Must've been one of Jim's cows in the underbrush up there," said another voice. "Come on, let's get going."

There was a crunching of beach gravel, as if some heavy object was being dragged along, followed by a splash, and then a hollow thump.

"They're loading something into a boat," Bill's excited voice murmured in my ear.

"Maybe they're rum-runners," I whispered back. "Aren't we right above the Pirate's Cave?"

As if in reply, one of the men on the beach said,

" . . . . We can't use this Cave no more, unless we get rid of that young feller in there."

"Oh, we can scare him into keeping his trap shut," said the other.

We could hear their footsteps crunching nearer.

"I'm not so sure. He thinks he's such a big shot nobody'd dare hurt him."

"Well, we can't take any more this load, and we can't come back until the tide serves again. If we lose all that stuff in there now, we're goners."

The footsteps came to a stop.

"Hang on to my feet," whispered Bill. "I'm going to worm out and look over the edge. It's getting lighter. One of those voices sounds familiar."

"Bring him out here," ordered the man who had spoken first.

A moment later Bill squirmed back to me.

"He lit a cigarette," said Bill. "The

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The World's Best Short Stories, and The World's Stores of Mental Treasure

By L. W. J. Croydon

For the Messenger

DID you ever stop to think what life would be like without books, and how little we should know about almost everything, if it were not for the knowledge and information stored away in books?

The books themselves have been collected and stored in libraries. We owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to those indefatigable book collectors who have made our great libraries possible.

Until the invention of printing brought the possession of books within the reach of "the common people" there were very few libraries, and these were got together at tremendous cost. But there have been "libraries" of sorts since very early times. The Bible itself is a miniature library, because it consists of a collection of books by many different authors.

It contains some of the finest short stories in the world; it includes poetry, narratives, books of law, philosophy and travel, to mention but a few.

These books were all written by hand, and collected over a long period of time, before they were finally brought together in the "library" we now know as "The Holy Bible."

Tablets of Nineveh

A VERY ancient library existed at Nineveh, consisting of baked clay tablets. It is interesting to note that after its destruction by the Medes and Babylonians about 600 B.C., the remains became buried; the site of the city was entirely lost, and many people doubted that such a city had ever existed, because no trace of it could be found. But the Bible mentioned it so definitely that learned men began to search for it, and finally in 1840 it was located and excavations commenced, and then the buried "library" was discovered.

So early as 540 B.C. the city of Athens possessed a public library, but the most famous library of the ancient world was that at Alexandria. It contained some 400,000 valuable manuscript volumes, but is said to have been destroyed in 47 B.C., when Julius Caesar fired the fleet in the harbor and the flames caught part of the city. The loss of this collection is incalculable.

During the Middle Ages libraries were small, and principally the property of the Monasteries. The output of the printing presses in the fifteenth century changed the format of books, and libraries began to expand. Books became common and both public and private ownership increased.

The Royal Library at Paris was founded in 1350, and now contains over two million volumes. The famous Vatican Library was started in Rome about 1588, and is now a rich treasure house of literary gems of all ages.

Chained Books—"The Golden Legend"

A SMALLER, but intensely interesting library is that to be found at Hereford Cathedral, in England. It is situated in a room over the west cloister now, but for two centuries its valuable collection was almost unknown, as the books were hidden away in the Lady Chapel. When the latter was restored the books were brought out and removed to their present location. There are over two thousand chained books, and it is the largest collection of such books in England.

The chains date back to the time when books were rare and expensive. The library contains many exceedingly valuable manuscripts, among which may be mentioned the copy of the Gospels bequeathed to the Cathedral by Athelstan in 1055. This manuscript dates from the ninth century, and is illustrated in Celtic style.

Here may also be found a copy of "The Golden Legend" (A.D. 1483) printed by Caxton; the Nuremburg Chronicle dating from A.D. 1493, and containing woodcuts by the famous German engraver and etcher, Albert Durer. There are several examples of early Venetian printing, and a collection of twenty-four editions of the Bible in various tongues, some dating back to 1567.

Hereford possessed its own Liturgy, known as "The Hereford Use." There is a fine manuscript edition of "The Hereford Use" which contains a quantity of beautifully illustrated church music. This is one of the Cathedral's greatest treasures.

The Library of the British Museum was founded in 1753. Later the Royal, Sloane and Cotton collections were added to it, bringing the number of volumes to over three millions and a quarter. The number of books is increasing rapidly—about fifty thousand new books per annum being added.

This does not include any "big" collections that may be acquired from time to time, but just the single volumes that are purchased annually. In addition, a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom has to be sent to the British Museum Library. There are over fifty-five miles of shelving to hold the books, and the building is continually requiring enlargement and additions.

Canadian Libraries

CANADA'S national library is the Library of Parliament at Ottawa, although its name might lead one to believe that it is for the exclusive use of Parliamentarians. The very beautiful building in which it is housed is familiar to those who have never been in Ottawa, through the engraving on the dollar bill.

When the rest of the Parliament Building was destroyed by fire in 1916, the Library building alone survived. The fire started in the reading room and most of the contents of this room, and many of the books in the Main Library and rooms beneath it, perished in the flames.

The Legislative Library at the Ontario Parliament Buildings was also destroyed by fire some years ago, and in these two disastrous fires thousands of dollars' worth of valuable books were lost to the people of Canada. But the librarians of both institutions have books to take the places of those destroyed, and by 1928 the Ottawa Library had collected 350,000 volumes and the Provincial Library is bigger and better than ever in its spacious new building.

The Toronto Public Library has a stock of 475,000 books, with a circulation of nearly four and a half millions annually. It has also a Circulating Picture Collection, in which

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Of Books and Reading

"Every age hath its books."

* * *

"Dreams, books, are each a world."

* * *

"Uniting the useful with the pleasant."

* * *

"No furniture so charming as books."

* * *

"Friends and books, few and good."

* * *

"When a work inspires noble sentiment, it is good."

"Lads Who Loved Britain"

The following article (in the Methodist Recorder, London) is from the pen of a Chaplain who desires for obvious reasons to remain anonymous.

WE never expected to see England again. We read with pride of the thrilling evacuation of our great northern army at Dunkirk, but that our little army, left between the Somme and the Seine, could meet the overwhelming masses of German troops and tanks, survive and escape, seemed impossible.

Their drive to the coast completed, down the centre of France poured the German mechanized divisions. Every day brought fresh tidings of disaster—the Germans had crossed the Seine nearer Paris; the British division in front of us had stood, fought and died before overwhelming forces; France had succumbed and our only way of retreat to the South was cut off.

Tenaciously, our reduced companies fought and retreated, while all round there streamed down the roads that endless human tide of wretched refugees and broken French soldiery.

Splendid staff work got us to the coast practically intact, but we never expected to leave France alive and free. Nevertheless, the Navy did it, by the mercy of God, and the men of the Merchant Navy.

When one dawn, leaning on the rails of the transport, we gazed on the green fields and cool woods reaching almost to the white line of foam breaking on the beaches, and knew that another miracle had taken place and we were really in England—some of us silently worshipped.

No singing or cheering rose from the crowded decks. The men had been through too much for that. And there were comrades left behind. It was the hush of a great gratitude. But I heard one man say "England's worth fighting for, isn't it, mate?"

Kindness of French People

OF the French people, I must say, they showed me much kindness. Thousands of hospitable homes were opened to our men. There was no question of the popularity of the British Tommy, especially where he was able to make himself understood.

One of my unforgettable memories is an evening in a home in an old French town. Possibly German officers are billeted there now. I can only hope that the ladies of that delightful French home are receiving tolerant treatment from the men who have humiliated their nation.

One pleasant trait in the disposition of the French is their light-hearted gaiety and love of a free, carefree life. It helped to their defeat. Rightly and strongly led, they are a mighty people, capable of stern sacrifice and effort. But they impressed some of us with being ill-disciplined and insufficiently organized as a nation and army.

It was a story of inadequate air raid precautions, insufficient shelters, and unorganized mass evacuations of uninformed, unprepared multitudes. France depended so much on the Maginot Line and the strategy of her generals. But the impregnability of a country depends far more on the fortitude of the people.

A Canadian Boy's Prayer

LORD of the Universe, I give Thee thanks for the kind of world into which I have been born and in which I live.

I thank Thee for all that Thou hast done to make it what it is.

And I am grateful unto Thee for what other people have done to give me a happy and beautiful world in which to live.

Men and women in days gone by and in distant places have labored to create beautiful and convenient ways of living. They have done away with poverty, and slavery, and ignorance, and pain—all that I might live the joyous life that I do. For such I render Thee these words of honest and hearty thanks.

But, O God, Thou hast taught me that this work of building a better world is not yet done. For poverty and slavery and ignorance and war still degrade and curse mankind.

Is there still need, my Lord, for someone to give his hand and heart and life to the finishing of that which Thou and these other servants of Thine have so nobly begun?

Then, in the words of Thy servant of old, "Here am I. Send me."

Use me in building Thy better world. Amen.

(*From "La Favilia"*)

We owe a great debt to France for taking the first shock of this tremendous military onslaught. Let Britain remember and learn.

Meeting the Needs of the Men

THOSE last few months in France have been a revelation of the spiritual need of men. We chaplains have talked and preached to individuals and groups, in huts and tents, on the lorries or by the guns, sleeping under the same hayrick and hiding in the same "rabbit hole," sharing the wonderful comradeship of the British Army in action.

I remember leading a man towards God while he was standing bewildered in the street of a French town, watching the river of refugees.

He took a New Testament and we parted. I never saw him again. I can never forget these numerous fifteen-minute services in orchards and barns during the retreat. A great shadow lay over us, and God seemed very near.

A synod of Methodist chaplains was held in Arras not many days before the invasion of Holland. Dr. Harrison, who presided, exposed to us the great lack of this generation—an eternal background to its thought and life.

Experiences with the Army have shown me that to many God is but a dim idea and an intangible power.

Yet within sound of the guns men are wistful and responsive.

I met no atheists in the line.

"For England"

YES, England is worth fighting for.

Even yet I can hardly write for the feeling of gratitude that wells up. We can breathe again the pure, free air of England, where the roses can still grow and where human nature can still blossom at its best in faith and goodness.

Here God is not mocked, and the Gospel holds sway over thousands, keeping the soul and life of Britain sweet and strong. Shall we not ever remember the lads who loved Britain and us, and for the cause were faithful unto death?

In the woods, by the roads, on the sands, beneath the waves, they died—just doing their duty and helping their comrades. "It's for England," one said.

I am thinking especially of the Christian boys, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Brethren as well as Churchmen by denomination, but all one in Christ, and in their clean, fearless, Christian lives in the midst of fierce temptations. They read their Bibles and prayed before their comrades and led some of them to Christ—

"These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy."

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises but having seen them afar off and were persuaded of them, and embraced them. Wherefore, God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city."

A Soldier for Christ.

Alcohol as a Job Getter

By Mary I. Ritchie

Study 3 — Intermediate Senior National Temperance Study course for Sunday Schools

A, B, C, D, E and F—either boys or girls, but more suitably boys—seated informally in comfortable chairs in sitting-room. A, who is Leader, may have small table beside him, on which papers are conveniently placed.

A (*Looking about to see that all are present, slowly rises*): This looks as if it were going to be a good meeting. Everyone here on time and, judging by the rustle of notebooks, everyone ready with something to ask or answer.

B: Mine are mostly questions to ask.

C: So are mine. I really didn't think I'd have enough interest in the subject to ask much about it, however, since alcohol in any form doesn't claim much of my attention, I'm afraid.

D: But a good job does, surely, and that's the angle from which we are to look at alcohol today.

E: It seems to me that the fellow who can drink—can drink a bit and leave it alone if necessary, I mean—is the chap who has the best chance of both getting and keeping a job today.

Business isn't all done over an office desk or across a counter, I can tell you. The social touch goes a long way nowadays, and a friendly chat and a friendly glass of beer together creates an—atmosphere that goes a long way toward helping a deal through.

A: You don't really think that, E?

E: I honestly do. One of the biggest business men I know swings all his deals that way, he says. I heard him tell Dad that his office is almost useless to him. Most of his business is done in the beer-parlor next door, and he's made a fortune in the last few years.

C: What about the fellows he has made it out of? Have they added to their fortunes?

E: Maybe not, but that's their lookout.

A: I wonder if it is?

B: And does your Dad's friend, the man of big business, drink himself?

E: No. That's the funny part of it. He never touches a drop, and—

C: And yet he finds a beer-parlor the best place for doing business. Can you guess why?

D: Doesn't take much guessing, I'd say. He makes his money out of the chaps who *do* drink. Treats them then tricks them, I suppose. Gives them drink enough to befuddle their brains so that they don't know just what they are doing or signing, then puts things over on them.

* * *

B: And you call him a big business man, E?

E: Well, he is—

D: A big fraud, I'd say. Likes to keep everyone drinking but himself. Rather a smart idea.

E (*Interrupting hastily in defence of the man*): No, you're wrong there. He's fussy about that. Why, he tells Dad he won't have anyone about his office who drinks at all. That's the very first question he puts to everyone who applies for a job with him. He told Dad so.

A: Because he knows from experience that anyone who takes even a little alcohol isn't fit to do business.

F: But all employers aren't anxious to have their clerks keep sober and their clients or customers drink. You won't find many like him.

A: Of course not. If they're decent men they know that "everybody sober" is the only rule for success.

C: Or, as the boss of the plant where my brother George works puts it, "The last we hire and the first we fire is the drinker." Only they never *do* hire anyone they know to be a drinker unless they are pretty badly in need of him.

E: Sounds as if you have torn my example of a successful man pretty much to pieces, doesn't it?

B (*Laughing*): I guess the only place a chap who drinks is wanted is where they make or sell the stuff.

A: Wrong again. And I have the testimony of someone who really knows to back me in this. A Federal officer ought to know all about such things. It's his business to know, and he declares that a friend of his, an hotelkeeper, whose name you can have if you want it, refuses to hire anyone—even a bartender—who drinks.

Another friend — also an hotelkeeper, by the way—insists that the only way to succeed in his line of business is to be a total abstainer. Sounds queer, but it's true.

* * *

D: But none of us is likely to apply at a brewery for a job.

A: Same thing applies in every other sort of business. No one wants a clerk who hasn't a clear brain and a steady hand, or who comes to work in the morning with his head still whirling after last night's 'good time'. Too many looking for jobs.

Employers can pick and choose, and they're not picking the wrong kind of help if they know it.

E: I still can't see that taking a little drink now and then is your employer's business, so long as you don't take it in his time.

A: But the results affect his time and his money, usually.

F: Anyone can see that.

A: Not everyone, or there would be fewer people losing good jobs for that very reason, and fewer ending up in prison, perhaps.

C: In prison for what?

B: For theft of funds to pay bad debts, or to cover losses made when he was drunk, and didn't know what he was doing, I suppose.

A: For that—and worse. The Federal officer gave one instance of a fellow he interviewed who went to the gallows for murder—

E: But it wouldn't *be* counted as deliberate murder if it was committed when he was drunk and not accountable for what he was doing. The law protects the drinker that far.

A: I don't know how that worked in his case, but I *do* know that his reply to the officer's question as to *why* he should have killed the woman he professed to love was, "I had been drinking." Evidently he thought that explained it all. And to the officer, who had come in touch with many such pitiable cases, it did.

B: I guess you win, A. None of us is likely to end up as a murderer, perhaps, but we all want jobs, and it seems that drink makes the first quite possible, and the last almost impossible, doesn't it?

E: And you think even a skilled worker, one who knows his job so well that he would be very valuable to any employer, has no chance of steady work if he drinks now and then? There aren't too many really skilled and trained people floating about these days, you know.

* * *

A: That's just where the skilled worker who drinks happens to *be*—*floating about*. His skill and training get him a first-class job today which alcohol helps him lose tomorrow.

In time the on-and-off employment lowers his morale and tries his temper, while the continual use of alcohol lessens his skill and his self-control, and before long you find him walking the streets with the chaps who have neither skill nor training for anything. No one but himself to blame for it, either.

C: So the best plan, according to your argument, is to shy clear of alcohol altogether?

A: If you want to make sure of holding a job, when you get one, yes.

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Real Help for the Troops

ONE housewife I know opened her home to the men in a nearby billet, writes Stephen Foot, D.S.O., in the Church of England Newspaper. She provided them with a place to be quiet, where they could read a book or write a letter, but most of all she gave them the atmosphere of a home. Seated by her fireside they could conjure up a picture of their own fireside and think of a wife or a mother or little children.

Times spent like this were a powerful reinforcement against the temptations of the street and the bar. Her quiet strength was an inspiration to these men who so soon were to face suffering and death. They asked for her secret.

She told them that a few years before she had learned to listen to God. Now it had become a daily habit, not only in the early morning before breakfast, but whenever there was a problem to be faced or a difficulty to be overcome.

One night the men brought along "the problem" of the company. He was an older man than the rest, an exminer, who talked of deserting and came back drunk whenever he had a night off duty.

Some power came to this man; he began to listen to God. Drink ceased to be a problem. He was happier and improved as a soldier; the company commander commented on the change. Then they went to France.

By this tme there were six of them who had learnt to listen to God as well as pray. A few weeks later they wrote to say that the number had grown to eighteen.

Then they went through the hell of Dunkirk. In a few weeks they had concentrated as much experience as a whole campaign of old-time warfare. Shelled, bombed, machine-gunned from the air and land, they escaped from the Dunkirk beach as by a miracle. All the eighteen were safe. And throughout that terrible time it was the ex-miner, who had learnt to listen to God, on whom the others relied!

Don't Be a Coward

BE a brave and upright man, who must find or cut a straight road to everything excellent on the earth, and not only go honorably himself, but make it easier for all who follow him to go in honor and in benefit. . . . God will not have His work made manifest by cowards.—Emerson.

Chosen gifts

THIS was a great word of God to Julian of Norwich: "I am the Ground of thy beseeching. First it is My will that thou have it; and after, I make thee to beseech it and thou beseechest it. How should it be then that thou shouldest not have thy beseeching?"

Is not that how God finds the way to give us the good He designs for us? He makes us see it afar off and long for it, till our longing breaks into prayer. Then the door is opened for Him to give us this thing His heart longs to bestow.

A New Philosophy

THE world needs a new philosophy, the Christian philosophy of such world-wide breadth as to create a new era of constructive relations between men and nations.

"That will be all right after the war," you say. But we must start now. We must be hammering out this philosophy daily and have it ready to offer the world when the opportunity is ours.

Spiritual Blackout

GOD has too long been denied the chance to enlighten man, to teach us what is good for us. In the words of a great spiritual leader "millions of men and women must now grope through darkened cities, because nations have been living in a spiritual blackout." Let us turn to God for His light on every problem.

Resolve

FATHER, let me when I pray
Speak from the heart, nor let me say
"Thy will be done," without a thought
Of real obedience.

Nor let me mouth the words, but be
Intent to find Thy will for me;
Lost to my self, and only found
In love for Thee.

—Mildred Haflett.

The branch that bends the lowest bears the most fruit.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens. —Lam. 3:41

Mon. : Be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools.—Eccles. 5:1

Tue. : Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?—Acts 9:6

Wed. : Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.—John 2:5

Thu. : Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein.—Jer. 6:16

Fri. : If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, I John 1:9

Sat. : Casting down imaginations . . . and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. —2. Cor. 10:5

Duty and Love

A voice by Jordan's shore!
A summons stern and clear,—
Reform! Be just! and sin no more,
God's judgment draweth near!

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:—
Love God! thy neighbor love! for see,
God's mercy draweth near!

O voice of Duty! still
Speak forth; I hear with awe:
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

—Samuel Longfellow.

O God teach me the prayer in which Thou canst think Thy thoughts through me, so that I claim in simple faith the things Thou dost desire for me. Give me to taste more fully the deep joy of a heart and mind in communion with Thee. Amen.

"When health, happiness, or peace of mind elude me it is generally not because I have not tried hard enough to get them; it is because I have not tried hard enough to get God's guidance and obey it."

Prayers at Harvest Time

THE petition 'Give us this day our daily bread' would gain new meaning which would be true to its original spirit if we allowed a commentary to run through our minds as we pray that prayer. It would run like this: 'Give us this day the brains and the conscience so to organize our economic life that the bread which Thou hast already given us in abundance may not rot, but may be distributed to meet the needs of all people'."—John Bennett, quoted in the Missionary Monthly.

Young People's Bible Reading

"Not By Bread Alone"

by BEREAN

For Sunday
OCT. 27, 1940.
Luke 1:13-16;
4:4; 6:21-45.

TODAY'S study calls us to go back and learn something more about that great man John the Baptist. His father and mother, Zacharias and Elizabeth lived in a little mountain village in Judea. They were elderly people and till John was born they were childless. Zacharias was a priest, a member of one of the twenty-four courses of priests who took turns at serving in the temple.

Every day, morning and evening, incense was offered on the golden altar. (Ex. 30:6-8) The officiating priest was alone within the Temple while offering the incense, the other priests and the people standing outside worshipping in the various temple courts. Only once in a lifetime could a man enjoy this privilege, and he was ever afterwards called 'rich'. "It was . . . the most solemn part of the day's service symbolizing Israel's accepted prayers." (Dummelow)

"More than a prophet"

THE duty came to Zacharias one day and while he was fulfilling it an angel appeared to him.

Zacharias was troubled at the vision. "But the angel said: Fear not Zacharias because they supplication is heard."

"The word means a definite petition." (Adeney) Probably Zacharias and Elizabeth had often prayed that God would give them a son. Most likely, however, Zacharias' special petition while offering the incense was for the coming of the Messiah and his kingdom. The rabbis had a saying that "a prayer in which there is no mention of the kingdom of God is no prayer at all." Of this kingdom the angel told him his son was to be the herald.

John—The name may bear either of two meanings, "Jehovah's gift" or "Jehovah is gracious."

Neither wine nor strong drink.—John was to be a Nazarite.—"One of a class of men in Israel who consecrated themselves to God by abstaining from all intoxicants (and) by avoiding with scrupulous care all ceremonial defilement. . . .

"Usually men made the Nazarite vow for a definite time . . . but John, like Samuel and Samson . . . was a Nazarite for life. . . . James the Lord's brother is said . . . to have been a life-long Nazarite." (Dummelow)

From his very birth John was to be set apart for God's great service and God would fill him with His spirit.

Many of the children of Israel.—We have seen how this was fulflled. (chapter 3)

Before his face.—Before the Face, (that is the Presence) of God. (Malachi 3:1, 2)

In the spirit of Elijah.—See Malachi 4:5, 6.

He shall turn.—There may be two meanings here. "He shall restore happy family life." (Adeney) And he shall turn the hearts of the children to the wisdom of their forefathers "so the hearts of their ancestors, now alienated, will be turned to them in love and approbation." (Dummelow)

So John the boy grew up strong and fearless, grave and thoughtful. Luke says, "The hand of the Lord was with him." (1:66) The phrase is a Hebrew one meaning God's guidance and upholding. (Psa. 37:24)

Again Luke says: "The child grew and waxed strong in spirit." (1:80)

Our Lord said afterwards of John that he was "a prophet and more than a prophet." (Luke 7:24-34) God chose him and fitted him by temperament and surroundings for a special work. He was a man of the desert. Our Lord lived among people. Each had his mission. "Wisdom is justified of her children." Those who were wise and honest-hearted understood both teachers. John's work was to "prepare the way" for the Messiah.

Each of us then will have to answer for himself to God. So let us stop criticizing one another; rather make up your mind never to put a stumbling-block or hindrance in your brother's way. . . .

If your brother is being injured because you eat a certain food, then you are no longer living by the rule of love. Do not let that food of yours ruin the man for whom Christ died. Your rights must not get a bad name.

The Reign of God is not a matter of eating and drinking, it means righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit; he who serves Christ on these lines, is acceptable to God and esteemed by men.

Peace, then, and the building up of each other, these are what we must aim at. You must not break down God's work for the mere sake of food.
—*Rom.* 14:12-20 (*Moffatt's translation*)

"Not by Bread Alone"

LUKE describes our Lord as a child in very much the words in which he describes John. "And the child grew, and waxed strong, becoming full of wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him. . . . And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." (2:40, 52)

"The grace of God," "in favor with God and man" is something more even than "the hand of God." It tells something of that winning graciousness that drew people to Jesus and that holds millions loyal to Him today. It will be given to us as we live in His spirit.

John called people to repentance. Our Lord gave them power so that they would remain faithful when they got back to ordinary life. With the Baptist righteousness was Duty. With our Lord it was the Service of Love. Both John and Jesus showed that courage and self-denial were needed of those who would serve God.

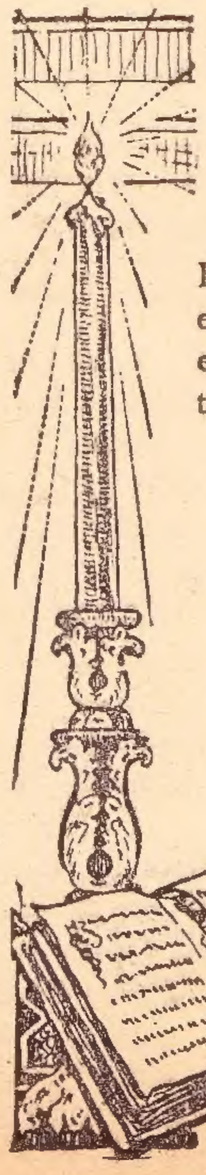
Immediately after our Lord's Baptism he "was led by the Spirit in the wilderness during forty days, being tempted of the devil." (St. Luke 4:1—13; St. Matt. 4:1-11; St. Mark 1:12, 13)

The Temptation was a spiritual experience. The Lord Jesus felt that He was called to do a great work for God and for His nation. How should He do this work? How should He use the powers that God had given Him?

The first temptation was to use a little of this power for the supply of His own wants.

"In the life of Jesus there is not a

(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse

For the kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.—Romans 14:17.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Luke 1:13-16
Tue.—Luke 6:43-45
Wed.—Lev. 10:8-10
Thu.—Num. 6:1-4
Fri.—Prov. 23:20, 21, 29-32.
Sat.—I Cor. 9:24-27
Sun.—Rom. 14:13-23.

Reading is Worthwhile

O! for a booke and a shady nooke,
Eyther indoore or out;
With the greene leaves whispering overheade.
Or the street cryes all about.
(Old English Song)

LONG ago Solomon said, "Of making many books there is no end." That was a time when books had to be laboriously copied by hand. We wonder what the old king would say today if he saw the thousands of books flooding out every day from the presses of the world.

Fortunately these days the very best books are among the cheapest. Everyone can have a little store of books—his very own. It is well when we are young to get acquainted with great writers who have stood the test of time. They will teach us to *think*, which is the great need in the world today. And in the days to come we shall turn back to these old friends whose lessons are immortal. And we shall find that they will steady us and give us heart and courage to go forward again.

There are a great many boys' and girls' books both of this and of former generations which are well worth reading and are easily obtained.

St. Paul was a great reader. His advice about "thinking" also applies to "reading"—

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on (and read of) these things."

The Friendship of Books

TO fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world.—Henry Drumnomd.

GLANCES AT BOOKS

"POEMS FOR DOCTORS AND NURSES" by Hilda Field (3/6. Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd., London, Eng.)

"LATE BLOSSOMS" by Mary Rooker-Clark (Stockwell, London.)

"THE BRITISH CASE" by Lord Lloyd, with Introduction by Viscount Halifax. (25 cents. Collins, Toronto.)

"THE CODE OF THE NORTH WEST"

"MORGAN OF THE MOUNTED"

"NIGHTHAWK OF THE NORTHWEST" by Samuel Alexander White. ($2. The Ryerson Press, Toronto.)

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

(Continued from Page 7.)

single example of a miracle worked for His own advantage. In every case His miraculous power was used for the good of others, to remove the ravages of disease and sin, and to advance the kingdom of God, and for these purposes alone was it entrusted to Him." (Dummelow)

It is written.—Our Lord answered the Tempter each time from the Scriptures (Deut. 8:3; 6:13, 16)

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word (.ie. command) that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." (Deut. 8:3)

This rebukes all selfishness and all fear.

"Bread" means the suply of our ordinary bodily needs. This is important, but Jesus teaches that "the commands of God,"—that is doing right,—is still more important. Sometimes the command comes to give up things otherwise innocent for the sake of others and for the sake of duty. That is what soldiers have to do and we are all in God's great army, enlisted "to fight manfully under His banner against sin, the world and the devil and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto our lives' end."

And we don't lose by it. Sometimes there is even fun in learning to do without things. We are the better and the stronger for it.

"TREASURE OF THE HEART"

OUR Lord said to His disciples (St. Luke 6:20-26) "Blessed (happy) are ye poor . . . ye that hunger now . . . ye that weep now. . . . Happy are ye when men shall hate you."

The disciples who had gathered round the Lord were for the most part poor people and the chances were that as they continued in their discipleship they would be poorer still, and would be unpopular and ill-treated. He tells them that, in spite of this, in following Him they will be very happy.

"Woe unto you that are rich . . . that are full now . . . that laugh now. . . . Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."

Woe.—This is not denunciation. It is lamentation. Our Lord felt sorry for people whose minds were all taken up with wealth and pleasure. They were losing the best of life.

"People enjoying plenty and prosperity,—who congratulate themselves that all will be well with them on that account, are warned against a false security." (Adeney)

Jesus knew that wealth often came from dishonesty and oppression and when it was gained was often characterized by sinful self-indulgence. He does not condemn honest prosperity, innocent pleasure or innocent joy but He warns us to "sit lightly" even to these and to be willing to give them up at the call of duty.

The happiest people one knows are the truest and the bravest and the kindest, though these often have few earthly possessions.

Later on (43-45) our Lord speaks of trees and fruits. The word "for" connects up with vv. 41, 42.

"Conduct is the fruit of character. Therefore it is useless to think of rendering useful service, such as removing a mote from a brother's eye, while our own life is corrupt."

Note the everyday character of the illustrations in 41-45. They are like some of the "wisdom" sayings in "Proverbs."

Treasure.—The idea is of storing up and guarding jewels in a casket. See what St. Paul says in Phil. 4:8: "Think of these things."

"What is most prized and held most firmly that determines the outcome of life." (Adeney)

Heart.—In Scripture stands for the whole inner life, thought, will and emotion.

Abundance.—"That which abounds in the heart." (Adeney) The main tendency of life. That is what counts.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the meaning of the name "John"?
2. For he shall be great—. Complete the verse.
3. What does Luke say about our Lord when He was a child?
4. And Jesus answered Him—. Complete the verse.
5. What did our Lord mean by this?
6. When our Lord said: Blessed are ye poor, etc., did He mean that people ought to be hungry, wretched and sorrowful?
7. "The good treasure of the haert." What is meant by this verse?

(For Answers, see Page 10.)

Eskimos Pray for the King

THE following message has been sent by the Eskimos of Labrador to the King: "The Eskimos desire to inform the King that their poverty makes impossible any material contribution to the war. But we can help with our prayers and that help will be offered daily; that God would preserve your Majesty from all harm and danger."
—World Dominion.

Some Busy Little "Bosses"

By Mary I. Ritchie

Study 3 — Junior National Temperance Study course for Sunday Schools

JOYCE couldn't just think how it happened that her new straw hat with the wreath of roses should be lying beside her on the car seat, but there it was. She hadn't remembered bringing it downstairs. "And I wouldn't have thought of needing a hat with pyjamas, anyway," she said to herself, feeling glad that the blue rug was covering at least part of the pyjamas and her bare feet.

She was just going to push the hat beneath the rug when a tiny hand reached over and touched one of the roses.

"More of my dissolving and mixing." As the remark seemed to call for an answer from someone, Joyce tried to to think of something to say.

"Dissolving what?" she asked politely. "It's my new hat. Do you like it?"

"Of course I do. I like all our hats."

"But it's *my* hat." She still tried to be polite, but it was not easy when someone was claiming part of her very own hat. "It took a long time to choose."

"And a long time to make, too. But it was worth the trouble we took."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Joyce, "but I think it sounds very foolish. Perhaps you had a right to say 'ours' when talking about the car, since you helped make the paint and the unbreakable glass, but you just couldn't have anything to do with my hat."

"How would the straw hat have that nice gloss if I hadn't helped mix the shellac that was brushed over to finish it? And the trimming, too," smiled Sir Alcohol. "I helped make the dye to color the pretty roses. I'm really proud of them. They look almost real enough to have a perfume."

* * *

"THEY have a perfume. I put some on out of Mother's perfume bottle."

"Then it's more mine than ever, for the making of perfume is one of my specialties. Almost anyone knows that Alcohol is needed in perfume making. It's one of my very pleasantest tasks, helping to make the world sweet."

"Do you do that?" asked Joyce in amazement. "Make things sweet, I mean?"

"Make them shine too. The very pair of shoes you have on your feet at this minute owe their shine to me. I help to make shoe polish as well as—as car polish," and he laughed heartily at his own little joke. "Yes, Miss, the very shoes you are wearing—"

"But we aren't wearing any shoes," interrupted Jerry. Then, wishing to make his joke also, he added, "Perhaps it's true what someone once said about shoemaker's children going without shoes. My daddy isn't a shoemaker, but he does sell shoes in his store, shoes for children and grown-ups and every one. I often wish we were richer than we are so that we needn't sell the shoes at all but just give them to all the boys and girls who haven't any. I asked Daddy about it once, and he just said he'd like to, but he had his own children to think of. He said that a good many other children might have shoes, too, if their fathers weren't selfish enough to drink them up."

"That was, a funny thing to say, wasn't it?" laughed Joyce, "'cause a man just couldn't drink a pair of shoes, could he?"

"I'm afraid he could, Missy. What about Mary Grey's father?"

* * *

"BUT he just spent the money they needed for shoes and things; that's not drinking them. And he didn't know what he was doing, Mary said, after he'd taken two or three drinks. He just couldn't think right, so he forgot about Mary and her mother needing things. One cold night he even forgot to close the front door, and all Mrs. Grey's flowers were frozen. *That* was your fault, too," she suddenly remembered. "It was Alcohol made him forget things, so that's another bad mark against you. You freeze things."

"I am more sorry than you can guess that such a thing can happen. I don't blame people for being afraid of me, and for not loving me as they might if they knew—"

"But they do know. They know all sorts of bad things about you. That's why we promised in Sunday School not to touch you at all, and I'm not going to."

Sir Alcohol looked so sad and sat so quietly in the corner of the front seat that Joyce felt sorry for him, and Jerry leaned over and patted the tiny shoulder. "I guess you can't help being bad—bad for people, I mean—if you're made that way. Joyce didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Neither did I. But Mrs. Grey's flowers were the only nice things she had in the house, and it *was* too bad to have them frozen."

"Would it make it better if I told you that I sometimes keep things *from* freezing?"

"Yes, if we could believe it," said Joyce sternly. "But you couldn't unfreeze Mrs. Grey's flowers, no matter how you tried."

* * *

"BUT I do keep things from freezing. I'll be doing that very thing in this very car some day. They call it Anti-freeze when they put it in the radiator next winter to keep the water from freezing, but it will be mostly *me*. Water freezes much more quickly than I do, and since there must be water in car radiators, I have to be mixed in so that it won't freeze and burst."

"Oh," exclaimed Jerry, "I knew that but I forgot."

"And I'm in the thermometer here, and the barometer you have hanging over there by the door."

"Don't you ever freeze?" asked Joyce.

"If the temperature *should* get down to 172 degrees below zero, which it never will, I should freeze, but I *could* stand it that cold if I wasn't mixed with water or anything. Quite a record, that."

"Well," said Jerry, "with you in the driver's seat, I expect we're going to be all right."

Then Sir Al's face really did cloud over. "That's just one of the places where I should never be," he said with a sigh. "The driver who takes even one little drink of me before setting out is making ready not only to harm the car and himself, but the people on the street as well. Every driver needs to have a clear brain, so that he may act quickly when there is danger ahead. He must have steady nerves so that he will be able to do the right thing at all times.

"He must have keen eyesight, so that he will see changing lights and children playing in the road, and signals given by other drivers and policemen. In fact, he must have control of every part of his body, and I'm sorry to say that I can spoil all that."

"How?" asked Jerry as the little man stopped for breath.

"Because I affect everything I touch in some way and the body is a very wonderful piece of machinery that can be slowed down or speeded up if the wrong thing is given a chance to touch some of its delicate parts.

"You know, of course that all the muscles of the body are controlled—or bossed, as I heard one boy say—by the nerves. A network of fine nerves runs through the whole body, and this Nervous System, as we call it, makes it possible for one to think and feel and act."

* * *

"OH, everybody learns that at school," exclaimed Joyce.

"You wouldn't think so the way

(Please turn to Page 10.)

Our Chums'

MAIL BAG

DEAR CHUMS,—

The date of this paper is the last day for letters on Subject I. of our contest. After the last mail of October 18th is opened we shall be able to complete our prize list and it will be printed next week. This has been a difficult subject and the names which appear on the prize list will have earned their place there by hard trying. We are proud of Our Chums Mail Bag. Next week the second subject will be announced, and our slogan is "Keep up the Standard!"

Now for a little plain fun. Hallowe'en is just around the corner and you all like to get your friends together and have a really grand party. A few helpful suggestions for Hallowe'en will be found on pages 13 and14. The answers to the puzzles and conundrums on p. 13 will follow next week—the 25th still before Hallowe'en so be sure to save this week's Messenger and keep it and next week's together so you will have your games and puzzles and the answers all ready to entertain your friends at the party. And remember that the best kind of fun is obtained from making people really glad and happy not from frightening or annoying them. So keep that in mind when Hallowe'en frolics come 'round.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my second letter to your club. I missed sending my letter to you last week so I thought I would send one to you this week. I enjoy reading the other chums' letters in the paper. I would like a chum to write to me.

Well it is coming nearer winter all the time. My favorite winter sport is coasting. I coast on a big hill that is right beside my home. It is about a half a mile long. It is most all ice in winter.

It will be great when the war is ended because there are so many men being killed, and such lovely places being bombed to pieces.

I will close for this time. I am enclosing a riddle and a joke.

Your new member,—Doris Wellwood, N. S.

What has four legs, yet never walks?

Answer: A table.

A man said to another one, "I wonder why this match won't light."

" Why I don't know," said the other "Neither do I; it lit all right a minute ago."—D. W.

Dear Lawrence Hird,—It's been quite a while since you wrote to me but now I will write and answer your letter. I've been going to school up until this week and now I am home picking potatoes.

I like to write to this page, and I also like to read all the letters on the page, which I think are very interesting.

Do you have any Junior Red Cross in your school? We have and we have a meeting every two weeks.

In August we had a Sunday School picnic to which most of the Sunday School scholars went. We went to Juniper which is along the Miramichi River for the Picnic. We went down in the morning and came back after supper. We went in the water. About the middle of the afternoon it started raining. It had been raining in the morning but not very hard. It started raining hard so some of us got in the cars and the rest went into a camp nearby. When we saw that the rain had stopped we ate our supper and went home. When we went home we found out that there had been a "Twister" which had passed through one part of the village. It had knocked off roofs and blown down a lot of trees My father has a wood lot and it uprooted and blew down a lot of trees there.

Have you any sisters or brothers?

Well I think I'd better close to leave room for other chums. I remain your chum,—Edna K. McIntosh

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Something You Can Do

If you, friend reader, will send us the names and addresses of one or two of the officers or leading teachers of any Sunday School that may not be getting the Northern Messenger we will be very grateful. For by so doing you will be helping to extend the service of this paper and that of the Sunday School to the homes of its scholars. We have a very interesting "on trial" offer to make to them. Address: The Editors, Northern Messenger, Box 3070, Place D'Armes, Montreal.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

EDNA McINTOSH

Honorable Mention

DORIS WELLWOOD

* *

BUSY LITTLE "BOSSES"

(Continued from Page 9.)

some of you act," responded Al. "So many drivers forget that even a small amount of me can make the nerves slow and stupid in telling the hands how and when to turn the wheel. Sometimes the nerves that boss the eyes can't give them a message until it is too late to stop for a red light or they can't get a message of danger to the brain quickly enough so that the driver will make sure that he can't beat a fast train to a crossing. When the nerves slow up or refuse to do any bossing at all, there is nothing to tell the muscles in any part of the body to act quickly and surely. No wonder I hang my head in shame when I see a wrecked car by the roadside or hear of children killed by speeding drivers who started off with a drink or two!"

"I didn't know you felt like that, but I'm glad you do, Sir Al," said Joyce slowly. Then feeling that since he had been so honest about things—even things that he was so much ashamed of—she added, "and I'm glad to hear about shoe polish, even if I have bare feet. I'll polish my school shoes as well as my best shoes as soon as I go upstairs."

(To Be Continued.)

QUESTIONS

1. Name three useful articles in the manufacture of which alcohol has a part. Why is alcohol especially useful in the radiator of a car?

Value 10 marks.

2. Why should the driver of a car not take a drink containing alcohol before setting out on a journey?

Value 10 marks.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. **Jehovah's gift or Jehovah is gracious.**
2. St. Luke 1:15.
3. St. Luke 2:40.
4. **"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God."**
5. **That though "bread" is important, doing right is still more important.**
6. **No. He meant that we should be ready to give up things if duty calls us and that we shall be happy in doing so.**
7. **That we should store up good thoughts in our hearts, and that if we do so they will flow out in good deeds.**

SANDY'S GHOST

(Continued from Page 2.)

man there on the beach. I saw his face pretty plain, and I'm sure it's Dick West. You know he had to pay a fine last year for bootlegging. The other fellow must be a stranger. Sh-h!"

"Well, you sure got yourself into a mess, young man. It don't pay to be too nosey. Now we got to make sure you don't do no talkin'. We can't afford to have anyone spill the beans at this stage of the game," said Dick.

The other man coughed and spat.

"Mebbe you've heard that 'dead men tell no tales'," he said in a low, ugly tone.

I felt prickles go up and down my spine. One of Bill's feet kicked a little in my hand. Then there was a light, mocking laugh, that nearly sent both of us over the edge with surprise.

"Guess you fellows don't realize who I am. My dad's Graham Chase."

* * *

IT was Rod's laugh, and Rod's self-satisfied, patronizing voice. And apparently the tone rubbed the fur of his captors in the wrong direction.

"We don't care if you're the son of Julius Caesar, or Henry Ford, for that matter," growled Dick. "We want to make sure that this swag is left alone, and we ain't takin' no chances with sons of nobody."

"Look," said the stranger, in that same evil tone that made me shudder. "You know where Black Rock stands out yonder. Well, there's just the tip of her nose stickin' above the water now. In an hour or so she'll be a good many feet under water. If we was to take you out there, and leave ya', you could shout yourself hoarse and nobody'd hear ya'. There's too strong a current around that Rock for anyone to swim ashore. If they did find your body, there wouldn't be a mark on it to show they was any foul play. The coroner's jury couldn't bring in anything but a verdict of accidental death. Now what d'ya think of that?"

I heard Rod clear his throat. There was a new quality in his voice when he spoke.

"You wouldn't dare. That would be murder," he said.

"Oh, we wouldn't, wouldn't we? You conceited jackass!" cried Dick West, furiously.

There was a blow, a grunt, and the sound of a falling body. Bill scrambled back and grabbed me by the shoulders so hard it hurt.

"I think they knocked him out! They hit Rod on the head. Oh, Howard, what will we do? What will we do?"

"We'll have to go for help," I said. "Where's the lantern?"

"The lantern? Oh, we darent strike a light! They'll see it sure . . . Listen!"

INDIAN SUMMER

ALONG the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all its glory spread,
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
The birds are flying south.

—William Wilfred Campbell.

It was Dick West talking.

" . . . . load him into the boat. We'll decide what to do with him later."

Bill groaned.

"There isn't time to get help," he said.

"They'll never dare hurt him," I offered, shakily.

"Huh!" said Bill. "That crack they gave him wasn't any love tap. . . . Wait! I have an idea. Strike a match."

* * *

WHEN the light flared Bill already had his sweater off and rolled into a ball. He pulled a roll of rabbit wire from his pocket as he whispered,

"Pour the kerosene in the lantern over my sweater, quick!"

I obeyed, wondering.

"Give me another match."

In another second the blazing sweater was over the cliff, dangling from yards of wire.

"Make ghost noises," ordered Bill.

We were experts in the art, after years of experiment and practice to see who could make the weirdest sounds. I realized then that Bill hoped to frighten the superstitious fishermen into leaving Rod behind.

There came a shout from below.

"Look, *Look!*"

"It's Sandy's ghost!"

Bill yanked the wire madly, and we both groaned and gibbered frantically. We heard splashes and then the creaking of oarlocks. Shortly after, the throb of a motor assured us that the rum-runners were really out of the way.

Bill pulled in the wire. The last shreds of the sweater were burning feebly.

"Light the lantern," he said. There'll be enough oil to help us get to the beach."

"Do you suppose they took Rod?" I asked, ashamed of the quaver in my voice.

"Dunno," said Bill. "Come on."

When we found him he was sitting up holding his head between his hands. Both his feet were sticking into the icy water of the Bay. Bill and I stood side by side in silence, looking at him. The moment seemed heavy with importance. Finally Rod looked up.

"Oh, hello," he said. "I've lost the milk can."

Neither Bill nor I moved or spoke.

"Well," said Rod. "What happened? I guess you boys came just in time. Or did a rock fall off the cliff and hit me on the head? Maybe I dreamed the whole thing, except this lump."

We were silent. From away out on the Bay came the sound of a motor-boat.

"What's that?" asked Rod, struggling to his feet. "A boat on the Bay at night in this fog? It's rum-runners, boys! There's barrels of it in that Cave. I stumbled into them here on the beach. They made me go in there while they loaded the boat. They tried to make me promise I wouldn't tell. But I remembered your pledge to always report anything like that you discovered. I laughed at you then, Bill, I thought it was just childish dramatics. But you were right. You'd better report it before they come back. . . . It's queer they left me here, when I didn't promise. . . . Hey, did you boys scare them off?"

I felt Bill's body stiffen beside me.

"It was Sandy's ghost," he said.

I watched Rod narrowly. He passed his hand over his aching forehead.

"Well," he said, soberly. Then he put out his hand to Bill.

"If you say it was Sandy's ghost, it must have been," he said.

Bill took his hand.

"Let's go home," he said.

So Bill and I each put an arm around Rod's shoulder, and on the way home we told him just what had happened.

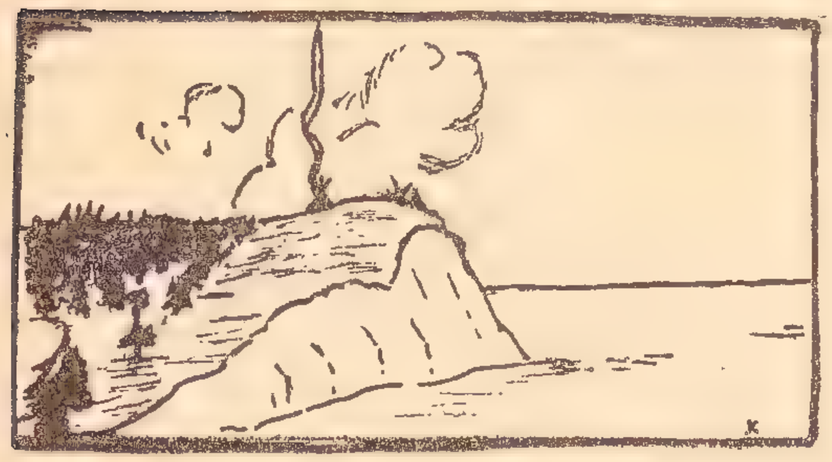
Rod laughed. But this time it was different. This time he didn't laugh *at* us—he laughed *with* us. And it has been that way ever since.

The two friends were discussing automobiles as they sat in the club. "I was once buying a second-hand car from a dealer," said one. "Of course, he praised it up, as I was a novice. But I found a way of discovering absolutely all its faults."

"How?" asked the other.

"Why," went on the first, "I had it on trial, and took it to another used car dealer and asked him to buy it."

Micmac Magic



By Joyce Killam

IF you go to Ireland
When the hills are green,
By a lonely roadside
Wee Folk may be seen.

There in lovely Ireland,
Once in days gone by,
Little boys wore dresses
When Tiny Folk were nigh.*

If you go to England,
'Neath the oak tree's shade
You can still find traces
Of where the fairies played.

There in merry England,
In days of Robin Hood,
Little elves went dancing
Thru' the shady wood.

But here in Canada,
Come when you will,
I can show you signs of
Stranger people still.

Some were quite enormous,
Some were very small,
Some, by means of magic,
You couldn't see at all!

From the shores of Fundy
Look across the Bay . . .
You can see the mush pot
That Glosscap flung away.

. . . . Come and let me take you
To days that used to be
When Micmacs worked their magic
In ancient Acadie.

* * *

IF you were a little Micmac Indian boy, you would know, without my telling you, that once upon a time—Oh, many, many years ago, life was strange and happy in the land of Nova Scotia. That was when Glooscap lived in his great wigwam on the very top of high Cape Blomidon, and worked his good magic for the Micmac people. That was before the white men came, and played such a mean trick on Little Marten, Glooscap's servant.

Glooscap was so angry about that trick that he threw his kettle 'way over to the other side of the Bay of Fundy . . . and if you think this isn't a true story you can come and see it still, standing upside down in the Bay. Now it looks for all the world like a round island. Some grown-up people call it Spencer's Island, but all the children call it Pot Island, and hope that some day the good Glooscap will return to claim it, and build a new wigwam on the very top of high Cape Blomidon.

You can hardly blame Glooscap for not staying to work his good magic for the white people. Because among the very first men who came, there were a few who were afraid of the good Glooscap. They wanted to catch him and make him a prisoner, but of course they could not do it, because Glooscap could turn himself into any sort of thing he wished, in the wink of an eye!

But one day, when Glooscap was away, they caught Little Marten. They planned to shoot him. (That was a very cruel thing, because Little Marten was such a little fellow. He was not very much bigger than your two hands, for all that he was *quite* grown up—being more than a thousand years old!)

However, these bad men tricked Little Marten into standing right in front of a loaded cannon. Bang! went the cannon—and of course you would expect poor Little Marten was blown all to smithereens. Not a bit of it! The bad men could scarcely believe their eyes, but when the smoke cleared away there was Little Marten, sitting right on top of the big cannon, just as calm as you please!

Well, the men talked it over, and they decided that somehow Little Marten must have dodged and escaped the bullet.

"We will make sure of him this time," said one, and he picked Little Marten up and put him right inside the cannon's mouth!

Bang! The gun went off again. This time when the smoke cleared, nothing was to be seen. It was quite certain that Little Marten was blown to bits.

(Continued on Page 16.)

*In country parts of Ireland the fairies were supposed sometimes to carry off small boys, so their parents used to dress them as girls to deceive the Tiny People.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Weekly Sunday Magazine

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

Founded by John Dougall, 1864
Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall (1855-7).
Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger.
Present title adopted, 1876.

Printed and published by
JOHN DOUGALL & SON
(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm.)

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In the long run, we really love the sternest things in life best.—J. A. Symonds.

Sst! Keep Your Wits Working!

GAMES AND STUNTS FOR HALLOWE'EN

THREE LUGGIES

This is one of the very oldest Hallowe'en stunts, so old in fact that it is mentioned in Robert Burns' poem, "Hallowe'en."

Place three saucers in a row on a table. Fill one with water, one with milk and leave one empty. The guests are blindfolded in turn and having been twirled around three times, are to take five steps toward the table and dip a finger into one of the dishes. Clear water denotes happy married life, milk, trouble and the empty saucer, single blessedness. The dishes should be shifted before each trial.

MYSTERIOUS HEROINE

Just a few minutes before time for refreshments give each boy a piece of paper and a pencil. Then pass slips of paper, on each one of which is written the name of one of the girls present. Without allowing anyone to know the name he has received each boy is to write a description of the girl whose name he drew. After two minutes, papers are collected, shuffled and passed out again to the boys who now must find their supper partners from the written descriptions. All are asked to keep their papers and read them aloud while they are at table.

ROASTING CHESTNUTS

Each girl places two chestnuts side by side in the fireplace near the hot coals. Each one has previously been named for an admirer. If one pops and jumps away from the fire that person will not be constant but the one that burns steadily and quietly will be true through years to come.

BLIND FATE

Blindfolded players, one by one, walk through a doorway in which hang suspended, a few inches apart, various objects such as a candy heart, a thimble, an irregularly shaped stone and a small book. As the players approach the doorway, they extend both hands and the objects touched indicate future events,—the heart, a love affair; the stone, a hard road to travel; the book, fame as an author. It will be easy to supply articles to make interesting fortunes. The same idea may be used with suspended cardboard pumpkin cut-outs on the back of which fortunes should be written.

A CHANGED WORD

Change the word Bone into Meat, altering only one letter at a time, making a common dictionary word at each change, and having only four intervening links.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC

Get the result of this sum by mental arithmetic:

1 x 2 x 3 x 4 x 5 x 6 x 7 x 8 x
9 x 9 x 8 x 7 x 6 x 5 x 4 x 3 x
2 x 1 x 1 x 2 x 3 x 4 x 5 x 6 x
7 x 8 x 9 x 0.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

See the man upon the road,
He's carrying a heavy load.

1. How the little weasel went.
2. A river broader than the Trent.
3. How the mighty lion spake.
4. How the horse went in the brake.
5. What is it that feeds the lamb?
6. Whither hies its thirsty dam?

RIDDLES

1. Why are fowls the most economical things a farmer can keep?
2. Why is a vine like a soldier?
3. Why is an opera singer like a confection?
4. If a man who is carrying a dozen glass lamps drops one, what does he become?
5. What is the difference between a sensitive boy and a man's hat?
6. What magazine would be likely to give the best report of a fire?
7. When is an umbrella like a person who is getting better after an illness?
8. Why is a bad joke like a broken pencil?
9. Why is a thump like a hat?
10. When is coffee like the earth?
11. What country expresses unhappiness?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Jumbled Islands—1. Cuba. 2. Jamaica. 3. Bahamas. 4. Bermuda. 5. Haiti. 6. Puerto Rico..

Poets—1. Burns. 2. Pope. 3. Moor(e). 4. Crab(be). 5. Longfellow. 6. Scott. 7. Dryden 8. Cook.

Riddles Contributed by Chums—1. Because one drop may kill. 2. When it is ajar? 3. In Noah's ark. 4. Piano keys.—Sent by Margaret Warner.

Double Acrostic—

C l o u D
H e n r I
A r c t i C
R a c K
L i t t l E
E a s t e r N
S u c c e s S

Buried Bird—C*u*pboard; he*R*; w*A*s; a*N*d; non*E*.

Alcohol as a Job Getter

(Continued from Page 5.)

F: Or if you want to get one to hold, I imagine.

A: Still a more emphatic, "Yes."

E: You haven't left me and my big business man a solitary leg to stand on, I see. Well, maybe you're right.

A: I have the word of men who know—and men who are really distressed about it—to back me up.

* * *

B: And, after all, who wants to spoil his chances of getting some place in the world for the sake of something that gives so little satisfaction as alcohol?

C: None of us, I expect.

A: Then we're unanimous on that point, anyway. Even you, E, will agree that a job is worth more today—any day—than a few hours' feeling of hilarity and a headache next morning.

E: If you put it that way, yes. And now I'll confess that one of the first questions put to me when I went to apply for the job in the insurance office that I am to start on tomorrow morning was, "Do you drink at all?" And, thanks to these discussions we have been having week by week, I was able to answer "No," and mean it.

D: I know a chap who was turned down for that very job. Now I understand just why. So it does really work, and E, who started out to disprove our theory, is the first practical demonstration of its working.

A: And the "atmosphere it creates," as E suggested in the beginning, isn't always a very savory one, or the "social touch," that the getting together in a beer-parlor gives, so important in business after all.

QUESTIONS

1. Why is a drinker usually the last man hired and the first man fired? Value 10 marks.

2. (a) How does beverage alcohol cause suffering to the innocent as well as to the guilty? Value 5 marks.

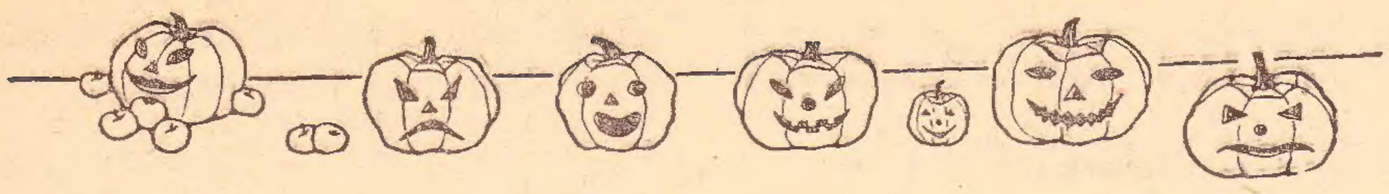
(b) What effect does the use of beverage alcohol have upon business success? Value 5 marks.

FACTS

Orange trees bear fruit until they are 150 years old.

One hundred and sixty million people speak the English language.

There are over 5000 British Isles.



For Ye Hallowe'en Party

BLACK AND ORANGE GOODIES

IF YOU are looking for "orangey" dishes to carry out your Hallowe'en color scheme here are some. Black of course can always be supplied by chocolate cake, gingerbread or licorice candy.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE

This is a delightful party dish, easy to make and easy to eat. Pour one-fourth cup cold water into a bowl and sprinkle one envelope granulated gelatine on top of the water. Add one cup sugar and one-half cup hot water. Stir until the gelatine and sugar are disolved and add one cup orange juice and pulp and two tablespoons lemon juice. Chill until the mixture begins to stiffen, beat until light and fluffy and add two stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat the mixture thoroughly and turn into a fluted mold that has been lined with lady fingers or thin slices of sponge cake. Chill thoroughly and unmold. Decorate with halved slices of orange, topped with buds of whipped cream. If you want to have it richer substitute one cup stiffly whipped cream for the egg whites.

ORANGE PUFFS

Golden orange shells packed with orange ice then covered with a fluffy meringue and browned quickly make a lovely variation for party ice-cream. Cut out the tops from four large oranges, scoop out the meat and press out the juice. Add enough water to the orange juice to make two cups. Boil together three-fourths cup sugar and three-fourths cup water for five minutes. Dissolve one and one-half teaspoons gelatin in two tablespoons cold water, then add to the hot syrup with the orange juice. Add a pinch of salt and three tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into the tray of a mechanical refrigerator or a freezer and freeze to a mush. Beat until light and fluffy and finish freezing. Pile the orange ice into the chilled orange shells and heap with a meringue made of one egg's white and one tablespoon confectioner's sugar.

CHOCOLATE JUNKET

This is a very simple recipe for the dark side of your Hallowe'en refreshments. Serve with orange cake or macaroons.

Ingredients: 1 pint of milk, 1 teaspoonful of rennet, 2 teaspoonfuls of castor sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of cocoa.

Method: Blend the cocoa with the sugar, then mix with a quarter of a pint of milk, and boil this for three minutes. Put on the remainder of the milk to heat to blood heat, stir in, then add the rennet and stir for half a minute only, and put away to set. Sprinkle with chopped almonds before serving.

Paying the Child

LOIS SNELLING

TOMMIE DEANE and Joe Land were going to the movies together, and Tommie, accompanied by his mother, arrived at Joe's home.

"Have you your money, dear?" Mrs. Land asked Joe, when the boys were ready to start.

"Yes, Mother," and Joe pulled a coin out of his pocket to show her.

When the two were gone, Mrs. Deane, who had come to visit with Mrs. Land, while their sons were away, remarked, "What does Joe do to earn his money?"

"Oh, he's pretty good about tasks around the house. There are a number of little jobs that he understands are his, and that it is his responsibility to get them done."

"Well, do you pay him for each job, or a lump sum for all of them?"

"Why, I don't pay Joe for doing his work. I don't like the idea of commercializing the home in that way. When I married Charles, and we launched the project of carrying on a home, I wouldn't have liked to have him say, 'Now, here is a quarter for cooking dinner today. Get the dishes washed up, and I'll pay you ten cents more.' The home was a mutual affair, and our income was also. Keeping the house was my job, while Charles ran the office that produced the income. We decided on an allowance from that income for the family expenses, and it was my problem to keep within it.

"Then when Joe came along, we just considered him a third member of our co-operative project. As soon as he was old enough to understand, I interested him in whatever I was doing. He soon loved to help, so it was easy to impress upon him that everybody should do his part. I showed him, little by little, that he and his daddy and I loved our home and enjoyed it, and that we must all work together to keep it going. And since there was a common income, we were all entitled to our share. I didn't say, "Clean up the back yard, and I'll pay you.' He was taught that the cleaning of the back yard was his job. But a person who works should never have to beg, so Joe does not have to ask for money when he needs it. He has his regular allowance, just as I have mine, and he must live within it. I think it gives one a feeling of self-reliance and independence to have his own funds, however small."

"Well," Mrs. Deane said, "I have never given Tommie a regular allowance. I try to make him feel that he is earning the money he spends."

"I suppose it is just a matter of viewpoint," Mrs. Land replied, "but I like the allowance plan. While I want Joe to know that he is expected to work, still I want him to think that we are all three working together towards one single goal. I believe he does better work thinking he is doing it for 'our firm,' which includes himself, than he would if he were a mere laborer doing a job for me for pay."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

OCTOBER

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.
—Helent Hunt Jackson.

Canadians Help

CANADIAN Red Cross officials in England are working night and day in their emergency effort on behalf of people rendered homeless by German air raids, according to cabled advice received at Red Cross headquarters, which stated that thousands of blankets, articles of clothings and tons of food are being distributed daily. The cable was signed by Col. George Nasmith, of Toronto, whose office is in the heart of London. The cable ended "All well and cheery."

In making the cable public, it was stated at headquarters that "the people of Canada, who contributed over 100,000 blankets during the recent appeal made by the Canadian Red Cross, must derive satisfaction from the knowledge that their blankets are being used to bring warmth to thousands of homeless men, women and children in Britain. Preparing ourselves for such an emergency, the Canadian Red Cross has already shipped 45,000 blankets to England. Other shipments will go forward immediately."

Wife: "Oh, George, do order a rat-trap to be sent home today."

George: "But you bought one last week."

Wife: "Yes, dear; but there's a rat in that."

Northern Messenger

Montreal, October 18, 1940.

THE WAR GROWS STERNER

AT the time of writing, October 9, Britain, and particularly London, has suffered "the worst raid of the war." Hiding in and behind clouds, the raiding bombers came in great waves and did as yet undisclosed damage—among other places to a large hospital and to a large public air raid shelter in London. Sad as that is, it is incidental.

Meantime Canada is rapidly changing from the position of Britain's right arm to that of sinew between her and the United States which, obviously, is becoming her partner in the great struggle. Indeed the United States may yet have to play the major role of attack if Britain, so close to Europe, must continue to spend most of her strength in defence.

And now the United States and Britain have urged their nationals to leave Japan and Japanese-held territories at once, fearing retaliation against them for the declaration on Britain's part that she would almost immediately reopen the Burma road into China and that the United States has placed an embargo against the shipments of scrap iron and steel and of wheat to the Far East; and because Britain has made her world's largest graving dock facilities available to the United States Navy, all of which are intended to arrest Japan's inroads upon China and islands of other nationalities incapable of defending themselves.

So at the moment of writing the clouds are angry-looking in the Far East and Britain and the United States are preparing to counter any further war moves that Japan may make against their interests.

Only a miracle can prevent the war spreading and more nations being involved. And Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilkie, instead of back-pedalling as in the earlier stages of the Presidential campaign, have been vieing with each other for the most comprehensive support by their nation of Great Britain. This shows an awakened intelligence or conscience or courage on the part of the American people, upon whose vote the candidates depend.

If Hitler and war are the scourge of God to make us rethink through our economic, social and political relations, nationally and internationally, and our relation to God, let us repent and do the works meet for repentance. But it may also be that the British Empire and the United States are the scourge of God to punish the dictatorship nations which have arrayed themselves against Christianity and against what of our civilization is moving in the direction of the Kingdom of God on earth. If so, let us count neither cost nor comfort nor our lives dear unto us, but let us be available to God and willing in the day of His power. Let us each try to be maximum for God in whatever we find to do.

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF"

REPORTS from Holland indicate that the Germans are finding themselves far from comfortable in that country. The Gestapo are active and any word breathed against Nazidom is severely punished. There is a strong effort on the part of Hitler's aides to gear Dutch industry into the Nazi machine. But the Hollanders keep the fires of independence alight under the surface and there are numberless instances in which things mysteriously "go wrong" and hamper the German effort in factories and public services.

All this fits in with the character of the people of Holland as we know them in history. First of all in the early European centuries we find them in battle with the sea, erecting barriers against its inroads. We find them draining fens and salt marshes and transforming them into fertile, smiling fields. Then we find them erecting splendid cities which become famous all over the world for the quality and beauty of their products.

The Dutch burghers governed their cities well and democratically. They were jealous of their rights, were good to the poor and were honest and reliable in their dealings. Dutch ships ploughed the oceans and planted "New Hollands" in out-of-the-way corners of the world.

The Reformation in the 16th century found a receptive soil in Holland. Its insistence on the rights and duties of the individual conscience accorded well with Dutch democratic ideals. Bibles came by the thousands from Dutch printing presses and Dutch men and women, boys and girls filled their minds with the great Bible stories.

An Imperial law was passed "to exterminate the root and ground of this pest," but it continued to grow. In 1549 the States of the Netherlands passed under the dominion of Philip II of Spain. It was then that the Dutch entered on their great struggle for civil and religious liberty. Dutch cities were sacked and men and women slaughtered but the Dutch spirit was not broken. The proud Spaniards called the Hollanders "beggars." The name caught the Dutch humor and Dutch nobles, burghers and military leaders assumed the beggar's wallet as a badge. The land was overrun by Spanish and German armies so the fierce "Beggars of the Sea" preyed on Spanish commerce.

The great leader of the revolt against Spain was William the Silent, the ancestor of the present Royal Family of Holland. William was an "Imperialist" and sought liberty for his people within the Empire which then embraced nearly all Europe. But when this was denied he united with them in sacrifice, giving everything, position, popularity, money, lands and finally life itself for their freedom. It was not till about 1594, some half-century later, that Holland finally saw the last of the Spanish garrisons. In all that time the Spaniards could not change the Dutch into Spaniards. And Hitler will succeed no better in Nazifying the people he has temporarily conquered.

Today Dutch soldiers are drilling in Canada and in Britain, and Dutch ships are sailing the seas. Dutch faith, Dutch sturdiness, Dutch love of liberty will have its part in overthrowing tyranny these days as truly as it had 350 years ago.

THE COURAGE OF THE CHILDREN

A FORTY-EIGHT-acre estate on the outskirts of London is being operated as a Children's Sanctuary by the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, working under a commission representing Britain and the United States. At present 219 children are being housed and educated at the Sanctuary.

Mr. Eric G. Muggeridge, the executive secretary, writes to New York:

"The children are taking this period of constant alarms most wonderfully. We try to keep the days just as normal as possible. Just as they started to school today a raid started. We have

to keep them inside until the All Clear is sounded.

"Then off to school they go, late, but ready to start work. I must confess it does have some effect on them, it is bound to, after these many days. It has an effect on their nervous dispositions. They seem to play twice as hard and in an overloud and exaggerated manner—it is difficult to be harsh with them—one just cannot.

"The sirens have gone off again while I am writing. This really is more terrifying than anything we went through in Spain or France, and that is saying a great deal.

"Today we had to go through transferring ration cards in order that we can draw increased supplies on such items as meat, bacon, butter and eggs. Each child's case must be dealt with individually. We have made the proper arrangements for all the children to go to church and will also have visits from the clergy of the various denominations. Many of the roads are closed because of bombings and unexploded bombs being present. We are having a difficult time, but the staff really works valiantly in these times and carry on their duties most calmly."

When an air raid swept over the district we read that the children faced it "with undiminished courage."

The feature that stands out these days almost more than any other is the amazing courage of children in the face of suffering and terror. We are learning that courage is one of the qualities of the "Kingdom of Heaven" with which children are abundantly endowed.

If our readers hear or read of well-authenticated cases of courage on the part of young pople we would be glad if they would send them to us so that they may be shared through these columns.

WORLD'S SHORT STORIES

(Continued from Page 3.)

there are nearly 160,000 pictures, which people may borrow and take home for two weeks. This is a great boon to art students, but many other people like to borrow the pictures also.

Toronto Public Library has a separate house for boys and girls, and was the first Library in Canada to have such a house for the young folks. In Boys' and Girls' House the walls and scenery were all decorated by the boys and girls of a Saturday morning art class. Even the little tots have a reading room all their own, and altogether Boys' and Girls' House is a very fascinating and delightful spot.

Heroes in Battle of Britain . . Win George Cross and Medal

THREE awards of the new George Cross and fourteen of the George Medal for extraordinary courage, not actually in battle, have already been awarded at the time of this writing, Oct. 7.

Robert P. Post tells the story in a despatch to the New York Times and Montreal Gazette.

A cross goes to Lieut. Davies, who led the squad that removed the bomb from St. Paul's. A cross also to George Cameron Wylie of the same squad who actually discovered and removed the bomb.

The third cross goes to Thomas Hopper Alderson, member of a rescue squad.

Some time ago two houses in Bridlington were wrecked in an air raid. Alderson tunnelled under the mass of unsafe wreckage and rescued a woman who had been trapped. He is not a full-time man on the squad and has a regular job he attends to in the daytime. Some days later two five-storey buildings were demolished and 11 persons were trapped. For three and a half hours Alderson worked unceasingly, with bombs falling, planes overhead and gas leaks all around him.

There was even a threat of flooding from a burst water pipe. But he tunnelled through the shaky debris and got out six people trapped in the shelter. For these and other heroic feats he has been awarded the new mark of honor.

Much of his rescue work was carried out in pitch blackness, relieved only by near-by flames, each one acting as a beacon for the German bombers.

* * *

AWARDS of the George Medal showed similar types of courage. Three officers of the Dover fire department received the medal. Special commendation for the entire Dover department and auxiliary fire service as well as for certain members of the department were recorded by name in addition to those who got the medal.

This recognition was received as a result of a day's large-scale attacks on Dover when fires were started in a ship's oil stores. The men who were mentioned by name volunteered to return to the ship, full of explosives, and fought the fire on board her while the Germans were still "upstairs."

* * *

FIVE George Medals and one commendation were received as a result of a raid on a group of oil tanks. George Archibald Howe, manager of the Shellmex Company; Williams Sigsworth, manager of the Anglo-American Oil Company, and George Sewell, one of the Shellmex engineers, got this award as pure civilians.

Two firemen, Jack Owen and Clifford Turner Kingston, on the Hull auxiliary fire service, were decorated for their services in the same fire.

Two women also were awarded the George Medal. They were Mrs. Dorothy Clarke and Mrs. Bessie Jane Hepburn, both ambulance drivers. The award was "for courage of a high order and devotion to duty in rescuing a man badly injured in an explosion."

Other awards were made to Patrick King, an air raid warden, for tunnelling through an unsafe house and using only a borrowed fireman's axe and saw to rescue a blind woman trapped under the stairs, to Frederick Ernest Rose, head of a factory salvage party, for putting out two fires, and to Miss Sonia Vera Carlyle Straw for tending injured women and children all by herself in the midst of an air raid.

Many other commendations have been announced and the British Empire medal for gallantry was awarded to Sergeant James Wilson and Lance Corporal Herbert Leigh, both members of St. Paul's bomb squad.

Without any detraction from the recipients of the awards, St. Paul's bomb squad would be the first to acknowledge that similar deeds are being done daily and nightly all over Britain.

MICMAC MAGIC (From Page 12.)

After a little while one of the men went up and peeped into the cannon. And behold, there sat the little gentleman, quietly gazing at them as though nothing had happened.

At this the men were so frightened and ashamed that they sneaked quietly away. But when Glooscap returned and discovered what had happened, he was terribly angry! He tore down his wigwam, threw away his kettle, changed his dogs into rocks, and left the country.

He has never returned, but the Micmacs say that when the white people learn to live in love and kindness to all, as Glooscap did, he and Little Marten will come back to live once more on the very top of high Cape Blomidon. . . . And if you knew all the strange stories of his good magic that I know, you would wish that he really would come back, very soon.